

# Big League Stories

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

## VII.—A RAIN CHECK

From "The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm and Other Tales of the Big League"

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### PART II

On Sunday morning the Bisbee Grizzlies came whooping into Tucson for a two game series. The Grizzlies were a chesty aggregation, which had been making life a burden for the Phoenix Terrors, the Prescott Grays and the Cannon Coyotes.

The Eagles had always been easy plucking for the Bisbee club, and the sporting men who journeyed with the team offered to bet 2 to 1 on the game in which Moreno would pitch, or 8 to 10 that the Grizzlies would win both games. Pete Moreno, a Mexican, was their star pitcher, with a season's record of eleven victories and a single defeat.

"Better get you some of that 2 to 1," said White to Delaney. "I've taken \$50 worth myself. This 'Oregon baby' will eat 'em alive'."

Lew Kelly pitched on Saturday and was properly and painfully lambasted by the Grizzlies. The only bright spot was the work of the new catcher. He threw out the first three men who started to steal second base, caught one man napping off first and another off third and made three long hits out of four times at bat. After the fourth inning the Grizzlies bugged the bases and waited for the safe hits. George White of St. Louis had them "glued to the seats," as the morning paper expressed it.

But on Sunday the "Oregon baby" was called upon to face the invincible Moreno, and, as White had prophesied, he ate them alive. Just as a sample of what he could do if really pressed, Eli Bates of Eugene struck out the first four men who faced him and sent the entire Grizzly lineup back to the bench sore from swinging at his deceptive curves. Some of them drew fouls, which White cared for; others hit weakly down the infield and were tossed out at first base. In about seven minutes Tucson was aware that the red headed recruit "had something," and the betting odds switched to even money.

Pete Moreno held his own until the sixth inning, when White smashed out a long triple, and the red head followed him with a vicious line drive between Moreno's shoulder and ear. White scored, and the Mexican pitcher blew up with a loud roar. Before he recovered Dutch Schmidt whaled the ball over the left field fence, and three runs won the game.

In no time at all the Eagles, once a team feared by none, became the terrors of the Arizona circuit. The betting switched until Tucson men fought for a chance to bet 2 to 1 on Bates whenever he pitched. Patsy Delaney took his club on a tour, and it won eight games out of ten. Eli Bates scoring six shut outs.

One night shortly after the Eagles returned home Oily Tom Blake, a gambler reported to be worth well into five figures, received a call from George White. George appeared very cleverly for an opening, found it and unfolded a plan which caused Oily Tom to set out some very aged liquor and open a box of cigars. Then he listened intently for twenty minutes, nodding from time to time.

"It's the softest thing you ever saw," urged White. "They'll give any kind of odds you want to name, because this pitcher hasn't lost a game and never even had to pitch his best against these clubs. To make it all the better these Eagles can't hit Moreno with a bad ball. That Mexican's a mighty good pitcher. And if we don't get any runs off him it'll be the easiest thing in the world to stomp the game to Bisbee. Say something happens to this Bates and he gives a couple of bases on balls and I cut in with a wild heave over a baseman's head—there goes your old ball game, eh? Why, it's as safe as a government bond. With the amount of money they're betting now you ought to be able to clean up eight or ten thousand."

"Yes," said Blake thoughtfully. "But what security do I get for my money? How do I know that you ain't going to cross me instead of everybody else in town?"

White fished out a roll of bills. "Put that in with what you bet," he said. "That's Bates' money and mine—\$500. Think we'd double cross our own bats?"

This conference took place on a Monday night. On Saturday the Bisbee Grizzlies were coming over to play their last engagement. They were not overconfident. Bates had beaten Moreno three times and struck out so many of the Bisbee players that it was becoming a habit with him.

With Bates in the box, the Tucson sports would "stand a tap" without the least hesitation.

"Pretty soft," was Oily Tom's mental comment. "Now to get the money down." It would never do for Blake to appear in the transaction, but a man from Bisbee might do the work. Blake wrote a letter and sat down to wait developments. He knew the man to whom the letter was written

too well for that man's peace of mind, and he felt sure that his friend Maybew would not fall him.

On Thursday a man registered at the best hotel in Tucson and scrawled "Bisbee" after his name.

"I understand," said this individual, "that there's some money here that says you've got a ball club in Tucson."

"All the 2 to 1 you want?" said the clerk. "There's a man right over there by the cigar stand who was just saying he'd like to get a bet."

And then, quite by accident, of course, Tom Blake drifted over to the desk in time to hear the Bisbee man say that Moreno's arm was better than ever. Tom stated his opinion that Moreno was "yellowed" canary bird," and, of course, the man from Bisbee offered to bet that he wasn't, and the hotel clerk held the first wager.

That was the opening gun of the campaign, and Oily Tom was under cover. Tucson received this Bisbee booster with open arms, whereupon he flashed a roll of bills as thick as a man's wrist and announced his intention of going broke if Pete Moreno was not the greatest pitcher in the southwest. Tucson was willing to accommodate him, and he did a hand office business for two days, and no bet was too large for him and none too small. All he wanted was 2 to 1, and he got it, and his only stipulation was that the money should go on the game in which Moreno pitched.

Sunday dawned clear and cool under a sky dotted with tiny fleecy clouds. The sporting population of Tucson managed to exist until noon, when it snatched a hasty lunch, and the exodus to the ball park began. The lone ticket seller, working with both hands, surveyed a waiting line and remarked to himself that it was going to be a big day, if not the big day of the season.

White and Bates met outside the slink which served as a dressing room for the players. It was characteristic of White's caution that he had seldom if ever been seen in the company of the red headed pitcher.

"Remember, now," was the catcher's warning. "We can't make this thing look bad. It's got to be done artistically. This is the country where they string you up to a telegraph pole, you know. Maybe it would be a good thing to walk a couple of men and let Cuipepper or Bateman hit it a mile. They'll hit hard enough if you'll groove 'em for 'em. And shut 'em out the first part of the game. Don't pull it until the seventh anyway. Savvy?"

"Jake," said the pitcher admiringly, "you've got a great head for business, haven't you? Leave it to me. I'll blow this game so nice and easy that these folks won't know how bad they're hurt for a week."

Then they went out where glory waited, and sporting Tucson stood up and welcomed those precious burglars as she has never welcomed a president of the United States.

Why describe the first six innings? Pete Moreno drove the few Bisbee men crazy when he struck out White in the third inning and followed by mauling the peerless Eli hit a weak foul ball of first base.

Considering it as a contest between pitchers it was a remarkable exhibition, but Tucson unhesitatingly awarded premier honors to Eli. The incomparable Moreno had been hit safely three times and had given one base on balls; the Grizzlies had yet to make their first single, and Eli had tossed no transportation. The score was represented by a double row of ciphers on the board; excitement ran high and loud, and the few Bisbee men realized with sinking hearts that Eli was pitching as they had never seen him pitch before.

At the end of the sixth inning White found a chance to whisper to Eli.

"Better let 'er go in this inning," he whispered. "It's clouding up and there may be a storm. Slip in one or two runs and it'll stiffen this Mexican's backbone. They'll never get a foul off him if he gets a lead."

Joe Dorsey, the weakest hitter on the visiting club, who waited on a pitcher because he was afraid to hit and miss, opened the seventh inning, and Eli soon had three balls and two strikes on him. In order that it might look "good" the last ball was a drop curve, aimed about two feet low. No man with any judgment, seeing that the ball was going to hit the plate safely, would have offered at it, but Joe Dorsey was a bad batter, and he swung. There was nothing for White to do but let the ball get away from him, and Dorsey hustled for first base.

White straightened up with the ball when Joe was almost on the sack and slammed away, a wild, blind heave ten feet over Smiling Kelly's glove. The right fielder was taken entirely by surprise and Dorsey went from first to third. In the grand stand they were beginning to call for three strikeouts—

NEW! THATS COMMENT THATS NEWS

## MANAGER W. TIN C HONG ANSWERS PROTEST OF PORTUGUESE TEAM

League Directors Will Decide Merits of Stayton's Ruling in C.A.U.-P.A.C. Game

The Oahu League is all stirred up over a protest filed by the Portuguese Athletic Club, against the awarding of last Sunday's 12-inning game to the Chinese. The P. A. C.'s claim that they were entitled to an extra run in the eighth inning, which would have given them a margin of one at the close of the ninth, instead of a tie.

Captain Bushnell of the Portuguese has set forth his claim at length in a letter to the league president, and Manager W. Tin Chong, of the Chinese, replies to it through the columns of the Star-Bulletin. The protest, Chong's reply, and the statement of Umpire Stayton, made this morning, are given in full, this being the complete evidence in the case that the league will have to wrestle with.

### THE PROTEST.

Honolulu, T. H., August 18th, 1914.  
Emil C. Peters, Esq.,  
President, Oahu Baseball League,  
Honolulu, T. H.

Dear Sir:—  
I hereby protest the game of baseball played on the afternoon of Sunday, August 16th, between the Chinese Athletic Union and the Portuguese Athletic Club, on the grounds that Section 3 of Rule 72 of the Official Code of Playing Rules was violated in said game, and also that the ground rules governing the number of bases allowed a runner when a thrown ball hits the grand stand were violated in said game.

Section 3 of Rule 72 reads as follows:—"In all cases where there are no spectators on the playing field, and where a thrown ball goes into a stand or into the players' bench (whether the ball rebounds into the field or not), the runner or runners shall be entitled to two bases. The umpire in awarding such bases shall be governed by the position of the runner or runners at the time the throw is made."

The ground rules at Athletic Park, where said game was played provide that when a thrown ball strikes the grand stand the runner or runners shall be entitled to all the bases they can get on such thrown ball.

In the eighth inning of said game, J. Carroll, first man up, was walked to first base; Joe Ornellas, second man up, hit safely to left field for one base advancing Carroll to second base; P. Neves, third man up, was walked, filling the bases; T. Sloan, fourth man up, was out on a sacrifice fly to center field, Carroll scoring after the catch, Ornellas running for third base and Neves running to second base. On the throw from center field relayed to catch Joe Ornellas running for third base the ball was overthrown, striking the steps of the grandstand, Joe Ornellas reaching the home plate and Neves reaching third base.

Umpire Stayton then sent Joe Ornellas back to third base and P. Neves back from third base to second base, disallowing the run scored by Joe Ornellas.

Following this, De Rego, the fifth man up, walked to first base, again filling the bases; John Ornellas, the sixth man up, struck out; H. Bushnell, the seventh man up, hit safely to right field, Joe Ornellas scoring and De Rego advancing to second base; La Merc, the eighth man up, flew out to center field, making the third out.

I claim that Umpire Stayton was in error in sending Joe Ornellas back from the home plate to third base, and in sending P. Neves back from third to second base when the ball was thrown against the grandstand after Sloan's sacrifice fly to center field; that in so doing he violated the provisions of Sec. 3 of Rule 72, and also the ground rules governing such thrown ball; that the sending back of said Joe Ornellas and P. Neves and the disallowing of the run scored by Joe Ornellas made the number of runs scored by each team equal; that had said run been allowed P. Neves would have remained on third base and would have scored on Bushnell's hit instead of Joe Ornellas (who in fact had to score twice before the run was allowed); that the game would have been won by the Portuguese Athletic Club had said run

anything to keep that man on tauu base.

The fence breaking Cuipepper was next at bat. Cui batted a drop curve, but he could knock the cover off a straight ball, and that was what Eli offered him. Cui lined it back as straight as it had come. Eli struck out his hand mechanically, the ball hit his glove and dropped dead at his feet.

It was a startling bit of fielding for the crowd, and a still more startling bit of fielding for Eli himself. And there was the ball at his feet, and Joe Dorsey was halfway between third and the plate. Eli made a snatch for the ball and dribbled it along the ground for ten feet. When he did pick it up he whipped it to White like a bullet, but he was very careful to throw the ball shoulder high, and as it thudded into the big catcher's mitt, Joe Dorsey slid over the plate low and safe. The crowd was stunned into silence. An error apiece for this wonderful pair—and a run for Bisbee. What was going to happen next?

(To be Continued Tomorrow)

### UMPIRE STAYTON'S STATEMENT.

"On the play which the Portuguese make the grounds for their protest, Joe Ornellas, the runner on second, did not attempt to take third on the sacrifice fly, and in fact was getting back to second base after the fly ball was caught by Akana. Although the hit was a deep one, Akana's throwing arm is too good for runners to take chances with. It was not until the overthrow to third base was made that Ornellas advanced a base, and I therefore ruled that he was entitled to the one base only, provided for by the ground rules, and did not allow his score, sending him back to third. I hold that this is the correct ruling."

been allowed as neither team scored in the ninth inning of said game. For the foregoing reasons I protest against said game and ask that it be ordered replayed.

Respectfully yours,  
H. BUSHNELL, Captain,  
Portuguese Athletic Club.  
THE ANSWER.  
Honolulu, August 19, 1914.  
Sporting Editor,  
Honolulu Star-Bulletin,  
City.

Dear Sir:—  
A copy of a protest by the Portuguese Athletic Club on the game played on Sunday, August 16th, with the Chinese Athletic Union, and won by us after a 12-inning contest, has been handed to me, the same being based on a decision of Umpire Stayton during the eighth inning, when he sent a base-runner, J. Ornellas, back to third base. The Portuguese now claim that this was an error on the part of Umpire Stayton, and that they should be allowed to replay the game.

Several articles have appeared in the morning paper regarding the grounds of the Portuguese protest, and I ask you to publish our side of the case. I am inclined to believe that it is not necessary for us to make an answer to the protest, as Rule 65 of the Sporting Official B. B. Guide provides that "Under no circumstances shall a captain or player dispute the accuracy of play." The proper time for the Portuguese to protest was during the time when they claimed Umpire Stayton erred, and not at this late date, when we beat them in one of the best games ever seen in the Oahu League series. I am sure they would have never raised the question, should they have won the game.

This is the third game in which the Portuguese have met defeat at the hands of the Chinese this year, and if they are not good losers, we are always ready to play them again. However, we see no reason why the umpire's decision should be changed by the league directors, and we are ordered to play that game all over again. There are always reasons for protest over an umpire's decisions, and by granting the Portuguese protest it will only encourage other teams to file protests hereafter, which will no doubt hurt baseball. We trust that such will not be the case and that Umpire Stayton will be backed up by the league officials. There can be nothing said against Umpire Stayton's fairness, and also his qualifications as an umpire. He was unanimously elected for another season by the league directors, after looking over the field.

Trusting that you will give this letter space in your sporting columns, I am,  
Yours very truly,  
W. TIN CHONG, Manager,  
Chinese Athletic Union.

A reward of \$10,000 is offered by Emil Havas, manager of the Budapest Bank at Budapest, Hungary, for information of his son, Dr. Ernest Havas, who has been missing since March, 1912.

The name of our preparation is changed to Sensaparsa. The ingredients—the quality—the original properties of this wonderfully successful nerve tablet remain absolutely the same. It is a dependable remedy for nervous debility, impotency, sleeplessness, despondency, weak memory, wasting of parts, lost vigor and any form of neurasthenia. Our preparation now called

has brought happiness, strength, vigor and vital power to thousands of men—youth, old and middle aged; it will bring to you potential energy so abundant that your whole physical and mental being will be filled and you will be in the triumphant consciousness of power. Get it today and become a new man. THE BROWN EXPORT CO. 74 Cortlandt St., New York, N. Y. U. S. A. ALL CHEMISTS and by Chambers Drug Co., Ltd.

## BACK TO THE RING FOR VETERAN FIGHTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 19.—Kid McCoy and Charley Horn were matched here last night to fight a four-round go on September 4.

## KID M'COY PANS MODERN FIGHTERS AND THEIR STYLE

[By Latest Mail]  
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—"It's no use—they don't snap in that left hand like the old-timers. It's all brute strength now. They simply run in and batter away until one or the other happens to stop one with his jaw." The speaker was Kid McCoy, inventor of the "corkscrew" punch, and in his day one of the craftiest middleweights of the prize ring.

"The trouble with the average modern boxer is that he does not think. 'Think of a boxer who is so set in his ideas that he knows how to box in one way only—the crouch.' 'Now, the fact is that the crouch wasn't anything new when Jim Jeffries made it famous. Most of us used it in the old days. I used it when I boxed Tommy Ryan. 'But I didn't box in a crouch with every man I met. If I had, one of those big fellows would have reached over and brought me to my knees with a whack on the back of the head.'"

"I used the crouch when facing opponents against whom I thought it would be effective. And if it didn't work it took me only a round or so to find it out."

"Against real tall fellows we never used a crouch. We were shorter than they to begin with. Then what was the sense in making ourselves still shorter, if we expected to hit them above the neck?"

"But I'll tell you what we always did. We protected our jaws and ears with our shoulders. That's why you don't see the old fellows carrying around tin ears."

"Bob Fitzsimmons was an adept at protecting himself. Let fly a swing at him and 99 times of 100 your glove landed on one of those freckled shoulders of his."

"But there was a great man. I consider Fitz the best fighter I ever knew. Jack Johnson! Not on your life. Fitz could have licked him with ease. I met Johnson in New York one day shortly before he got in his trouble which sent him to Europe."

"Pretty easy for you, Jack," remarked, "you haven't any hard one to go against."

"Ah, guess that's right, Kid," he replied, "these boys is all duck soup."

## YESTERDAY'S SCORES IN THE BIG LEAGUES

AMERICAN LEAGUE.  
At Boston—Chicago-Boston, rain.  
At Philadelphia—Detroit 3, Philadelphia 2.  
At New York—Cleveland 4, New York 3.  
At Washington—Washington 8, St. Louis 2.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.  
At Chicago—Chicago 6, Brooklyn 6.  
At Pittsburgh—Pittsburgh 3, New York 1.  
At Cincinnati—Cincinnati 3, Boston 1.  
At St. Louis—St. Louis 6, Philadelphia 2.

## How They Stand

NATIONAL LEAGUE.  
Including yesterday's games:  
W. L. Pct.  
New York ..... 57 44 .564  
Boston ..... 56 47 .544  
St. Louis ..... 59 52 .532  
Chicago ..... 56 51 .523  
Philadelphia ..... 49 55 .471  
Brooklyn ..... 48 55 .466  
Pittsburgh ..... 47 55 .461  
Cincinnati ..... 46 59 .438

AMERICAN LEAGUE.  
Including yesterday's games:  
W. L. Pct.  
Philadelphia ..... 70 36 .660  
Boston ..... 58 48 .538  
Washington ..... 57 50 .532  
Chicago ..... 56 52 .519  
St. Louis ..... 54 51 .514  
Detroit ..... 54 53 .509  
New York ..... 47 60 .438  
Cleveland ..... 35 79 .307

## Baseball!

NEW ATHLETIC PARK  
Saturday, August 22  
CHINESE vs PUNAHOU.  
Sunday, August 23  
HAWAII vs ASHI

Tickets on sale E. O. Hall & Son, and at office; Park phone 5132. Main entrance on Kukui St. Automobile entrance on Beretania St.

## HAS COBB BOOSTED BASEBALL MORE THAN HE HAS HURT SPORT?

Chicago Tribune Man Questions if "Georgia Peach" Has Elevated or Degraded the National Pastime—Open to Discussion

Your average baseball star, regardless of his faults, usually gets by without any of the knocks which the ordinary player is subjected to. The faults of the star are overlooked. His path is a path of roses. Ty Cobb, until now, has enjoyed such immunity. A writer in the Chicago Tribune, untroubled by Cobb's renown, handles the Georgia peach in a fashion which will meet with the indorsement of all fans who are not blinded by partisanship.

By I. E. SANBORN,  
(In Chicago Tribune.)

Baseball has given Tyus Raymond Cobb, the Detroit whirlwind, a world-wide fame and a comfortable fortune—unless he has spent it.

He has been named the greatest ballplayer of all time by those whose opinions carry weight wherever the American pastime is known. He has won the Chalmers trophy, with the highest percentage of points ever awarded any player. He is, perhaps, a bigger man in his native state today than his politicians.

In return, what has Ty Cobb done for baseball? Has he done the game more good than harm, or has his connection with it been more harmful than beneficial to a nation's greatest sport?

Cobb Great Drawing Card.

The Georgia peach has drawn many thousand people through the turnstiles of American baseball plants to see him perform. Has he drawn more people by his wonderful feats on the field than he has turned away by his eccentric deeds while out of uniform? It is said that he has helped materially to make a fortune for the Detroit club owners and has put money into the pockets of other diamond magnates. Has he earned for them more than he has cost them in the final footing?

Cobb has made the state of Georgia as well known as he is himself, but has he created a favorable impression of the kind of men Georgia raises? He has interested a lot of people in the game of baseball because of the wide publicity given his career, but has he improved the general public's opinion of the sport or of the kind of men engaged in it?

These are not impertinent, but pertinent questions.

Conditions Bad Years Ago.

Twenty years ago the inability of the powers in command of baseball to control the actions of the unruly element among the players had brought the game into such low esteem with the general public that the club owners were at their wits' ends trying to find some way to stop the sabbid tide of interest. It was unusual for a hotel of the first class to open its doors to a professional team, much less offer reduced rates as an inducement to tempt that sort of guests. Even 15 years ago the conditions were about as bad.

Then for a period of years there was a marked improvement. The advent of the American league and its policy of suppressing the unruly players did much to improve the public's estimation of the game and of its actors. The improvement attracted a better class of young men into the sport, with the consent of their parents. How great the change in attitude toward the men in baseball can be illustrated by an incident which occurred only a few years ago to a Chicago team, while on the road.

Incident Shows Great Change.

One hotel proprietor, through per-

sonal friendship, consented to accept the players as his guests, although his hotel had not courted that kind of business for years. The third day of the team's stay in town the proprietor met the manager of the team in the hotel lobby, and after exchanging greetings, said:

"I thought you were going to bring your team to stop with me?"

"I did," was the laconic answer. "We came day before yesterday."

"But I haven't seen any of them," protested the landlord.

"There are three of them over there, two more standing there by the door and several outside," said the manager, indicating different groups of players.

"They don't act much like ball players," was the host's comment.

They did not act like his idea of professional ball players formed several years previous from various experiences with them. That was the explanation.

Many patrons who were attracted to the games found the players did not act on the diamond much like their idea of how professionals would act, and so the game became a national safety valve for all classes of men, women or children who love clean sport.

Attacked Fan in Gotham.

Has Ty Cobb contributed to that improved idea of the game or has he hindered it? How many times has Tyus had to steal home from third to offset the injury he did baseball when he went into the grandstand in New York, singled out a cowardly, foul headed rooster who had been roasting him, and took a personal revenge by physical prowess while clad in the uniform of the Detroit team? Even those who sympathized with him could not admire that process of reasoning.

How many first class hotels in the country have bid for the patronage of the Detroit team because they wanted the honor of housing so illustrious a character? We cannot recall any, but we do know of three fairly respectable establishments that are no longer patronized by the Tigers, two of them "by request."

In both cases the greatest ball player of all time was alleged to be the cause. In the third case he fussed so hard because the clerk would not change his room that the team and the hotel were divorced, although it was by mutual agreement rather than by request.

Cobb's fiery southern temper has led him into trouble more than once, and his standing alibi has been that he has been misunderstood by northerners who cannot appreciate the different way in which southerners look at things. Does this argument really enhance the public's estimation of the character of Georgia's citizens as a whole? More pertinent to the matter under discussion is the question: Has the explanation of Cobb's various escapades on and off the diamond and in the clubhouse done baseball more harm than his wonderful fielding feats or his remarkable batting ability have benefited the game?

Lots of people have had trouble with their butchers—or their wives have. They sympathize heartily with Cobb's action in taking a fall out of the man who wrangled with Mrs. Cobb over the age of a certain fish. We all can sympathize with Cobb in many things he has done, and still the question remains:

Does baseball owe Tyus Raymond Cobb, anything, or is he in debt to the grand old game?

### TENNIS HINTS.

By LOB.  
Watch good players when you have the opportunity.  
Chicago is getting some of the biggest tennis events of the country, and in the last three years the greatest players in the world have competed there. McLaughlin, Wilding, Brooks, Bundy, Behr, Squair and Larned are just a few of the men who recently have given Chicagoans an abundant opportunity to see the different styles of tennis.  
Watching those men is itself a liberal education in the game. McLaughlin shows the best in one kind of tennis, Brooks in another, Wilding in a third. No two of the great stars play exactly the same kind of game, and one who watches them can decide which he will adopt for his own use. Some of the best eastern players have been there, so that Chicago is getting over its "Pacific coast" fever and is adopting a game more suitable for its own conditions.

### GOLFING HINTS.

By "STRAIGHT DRIVE."  
Flubbed Shots—If the novice would remember that probably eight out of every ten flubbed shots are caused by taking his eye off the ball and trying to knock the cover off it, he would turn in better cards and save himself much needless exasperation.  
When the novice gets a driver in his hand he knows that the club he has means "distance." To him nothing short of say, 240 yards will be considered a satisfactory return for the effort he puts into the shot.  
Not for him. A drive of 170 to 190 yards, which would enable him to get a par of 4 or 5, is not enough. He must get up as far as So-and-So did last week. Consequently, he takes a final peep at the point he wants to reach down the course. Of course, he flubs it, and he will go on flubbing until he finds his place, as it were, among those whose hearts hope for better things hereafter is more rational than to seek phenomenal achievement at once.  
Swing easily and properly; the driver will produce surprising distances. Give the club a chance to show you what it can do.  
Charles A. Sash of Springfield, Mass., disappeared from his home two months ago and was later seen on Broadway.